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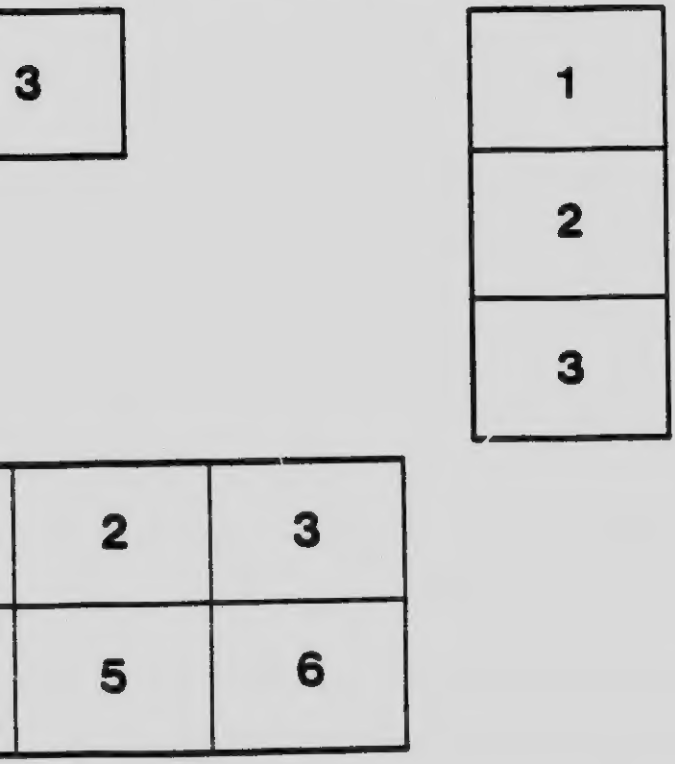

QUEBEC

The ANCIENT CAPITAL

Issued by the Canadian Government Railways

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QUEBEC

The Ancient Capital

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Quebec from Levis

Dufferin Terrace

QUEBEC is beyond description. It is unique among the cities of the continent. Could one forget his past and live only in the thought of his surroundings, he might imagine himself dropped down in some corner of Europe. To him who has come from the busy cities of the south and west, everything is strange and new. Other places anticipate the future; Quebec clings fondly to the past. Here, despite the marked commercial progress of the city, the past and present are inseparably interwoven. It is in vain that old buildings give place to new ones, and that the needs of men have brought into use the latest discoveries of an inventive age. None of these give their character to the city. Its old-time charm will not depart. The Quebec of to-day reminds one at every turn of the Ancient Capital as it was in the centuries that are dead and gone.

A wonderful old city it is. One does not realize its grandeur until he stands on this or that spot—it matters little where it may be—and looks around him. Everywhere are monuments of a strange and eventful history. On every hand are the survivals of the seventeenth century. Books upon books have been written, and still the recorded story of Quebec is incomplete. The task of telling all that could be told of the churches and religious institutions would of itself be a prodigious one. Yonder is the Basilica, begun in 1647 when Louis XIV. was king and the star

Little Champlain Street

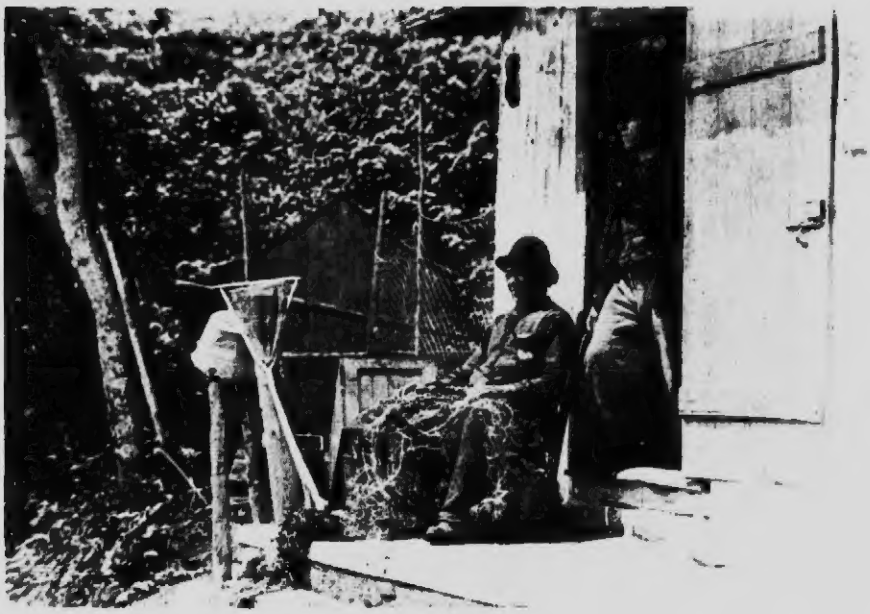
of France shed a bright light over the eastern and western worlds. With the exception of that at St. Augustine, Florida, this church is the oldest. It has treasures within its walls, some of which have been the gifts of kings. Here are the most costly vestments in America, and here are paintings dating back far into the centuries, representing the work of the great schools of Europe. Notable among these is that wonderful picture of our Saviour on the Cross, painted by Van Dyck in 1630, and it is only one of a treasury of the masters to be found in the Basilica, Laval, the Ursuline Convent and other repositories of art in Quebec. In the days of the French Revolution, when neither art nor religion were held sacred and when churches and palaces were despoiled, it was only by the effort of such men as the Abbe Desjardins that these pictures were rescued from vandal hands and brought to the churches and institutions of Quebec. The pictures of Quebec are a theme of themselves. An irreparable loss was sustained when some of them were destroyed by the burning of the Seminary Chapel a number of years ago, but enough remain to make Quebec the new world's treasure house of the old world masters.

There is place after place in Quebec where one may step from the bustle of to-day back into the seventeenth century before he realizes that he is doing so. He may stand where the greatest of their time have stood, and where their ashes are mingled with the

Provincial Houses of Parliament

earth. To-day is side by side with yesterday. In the Lower Town, for instance, is an open market place where the farmers, their wives and the throng of customers, make an animated picture of the present. It is a very busy place on certain days of the week. Close at hand is the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, bearing on its front the date of 1688. In the same way the tide of traffic in the Upper Town surges around seven acres in the heart of the city where the cloistered Ursulines abide in a convent founded half a century before the old church in the Lower Town was begun. In the Chapel of the Ursulines stands an altar erected by Bishop St. Valier, as it has stood for more than two hundred years, and it is only one of many objects that remain as they were in the centuries that have vanished. The halo of antiquity is everywhere around the Ancient Capital. We realize our individual littleness in the contemplation of so much that history has made famous—that has itself been the material for history that is imperishable.

The tenacity with which all that is old in Quebec clings to existence was shown when the demolition of the Jesuits' College was undertaken, in 1871. This queer rambling pile, the former seat of a college which existed before Old Harvard was founded, resisted the despoilers to the last. So well had the builders wrought that years were required to efface their work, and then only by the

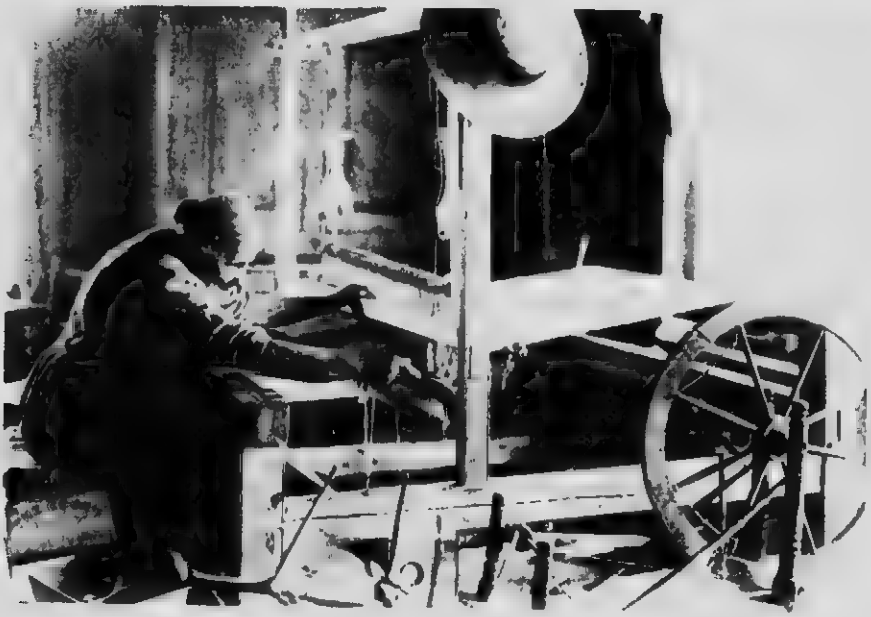


The Habitant

use of dynamite— pick, crow and sledge having proven useless as weapons of destruction.

Look where one will, the search for what is of interest is not in vain. A day might be spent around Laval with its pictures, its library of 120,000 volumes and its rare manuscripts, though weeks would be too short for some lovers of such treasures. Street after street in the city has a history worth hearing, and house after house its traditions. At such places as the Citadel, Wolfe's Cove and the Plains of Abraham, the steps of the victors and vanquished in the great contest may be traced. There is but one Quebec—old, quaint and romantic—the theatre that has witnessed some of the grandest scenes in the dramas played by nations.

The story of Quebec is recorded in history, but no historian can do justice to the theme. From the day when the fleet of Cartier cast anchor on these shores down to the hour when the last gun was fired in anger from yon batteries, the story is a romance which fiction cannot surpass. What scenes of hope and fear, of deep patience, undaunted courage and unflagging zeal, have these old rocks witnessed. What dreams of ambition, what bold projects for the glory of God and the honour of France, have here been cherished. Hither, from across the sea came heroes. Some sought fame and found nameless graves; some grasped for wealth, and miserably perished; while some, animated solely by a

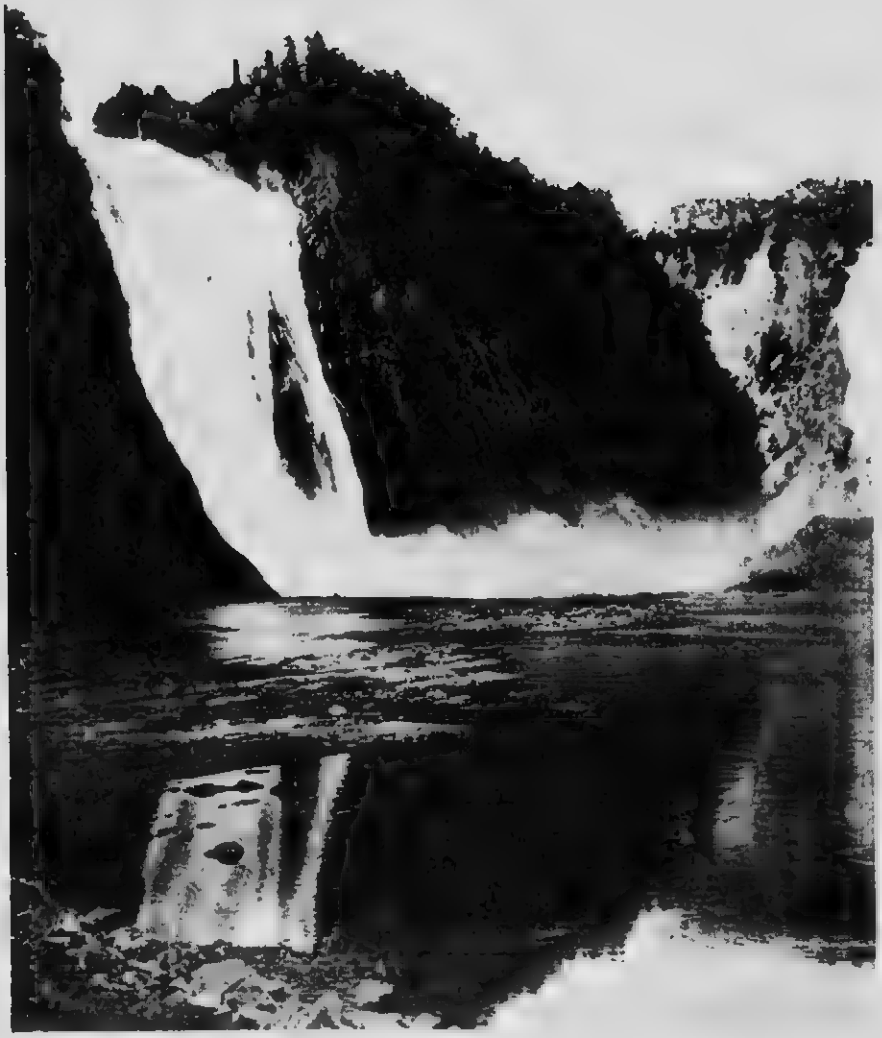


Homespun

zeal for the Cross, won martyr's crowns in the distant wilderness. For a century and a half the banner of France waved on the rocky heights. Priest, soldier and citizen had followed the "star of empire" to the western world and found themselves in another France, of which Quebec was to be the Paris, and within the vast territories of which should arise a mighty nation. Here was the seat of power of France in America; within the walls were held the councils of state; and from the rocks went forth the edicts for the temporal and spiritual guidance of the people.

Five generations of men have seen and honoured the British flag on the Citadel, but in a very great degree the religion, language and customs of old France remain. The past speaks as does the present. We may roam through queer, crooked streets, and enter quaint old houses, in the dark corners of which we almost look for ghosts to come to us from the bygone centuries.

Of all the French settlements in Canada, Quebec best retains its ancient form. The hand of time has swept away the ruins of Port Royal, and the grass grows over what was once the well-nigh impregnable Louisburg; but Quebec remains, and will remain, the Niobe of the cities of France in the western world. Here lives Europe in America; here the past and present meet together; here the seventeenth and twentieth centuries jostle each other in the narrow streets.



Montmorency Falls

Ste. Anne de Beaupre

The Basilica

Yet, out of these narrow streets, rises the city set on a hill, on the rock foundation that such a city should have. From the heights are seen glorious panoramas across the mighty river and far down the face of its waters. Not less attractive as a point of view is that grand parade, the Dufferin Terrace, crowning the cliff for fifteen hundred feet. It is the ideal place for a morning walk, but he who has poetry in his nature may rather linger there in the long twilight of a summer evening.

The shadows deepen. The lights of Levis begin to cluster; the houses in the Lower Town are becoming more ghostly in the gathering darkness; a sound of soft music comes from an open casement. We are amid scenes fraught with strange memories. Here stood the stately Castle of St. Louis, where, for two hundred years, the French and English rulers held their court. Its glory

departed amid a whirlwind of fire. Far below we can trace the outline of a street. It is Champlain Street. How black it looks; it reminds us of the darkness of that winter morning long ago, when Richard Montgomery and his men rushed through it to their death. Everywhere around us have the horrors of war been felt; and to-night all is so peaceful that the thought of war seems out of harmony with the scene. The bells from the shipping in the harbour sound musically through the quiet air; the plaintive notes of the bugle are borne to us from the Citadel; and the flash and roar of the evening gun tells of night fallen upon the Ancient Capital.

Poets have sung of Quebec, but it is a poem in itself which no language can express; its memories linger in the mind like the sweet remembrance of harmonious music heard in the years long passed away.

CANADA'S FAMOUS SHRINE

STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE

A SCORE of miles from the city of Quebec is a mere country village of a few hundred inhabitants, to which every year flock thousands of people who come from widely distant points animated by a wonderful faith, and who are seeking through that faith the boon of health which all humanity craves. This place is Canada's famous shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

Montmorency Falls, a little more than six miles from Quebec, are seen on the route to Ste. Anne, the railway passing so close to them that, in the spring and autumn when there is a heavy run of water, the spray keeps the track wet. These falls have a height of 250 feet, or nearly a hundred feet more than Niagara, and they merit a special visit on their own account, as well as on account of the objects of interest

Wolfe and Montcalm Monument

St. Louis Gate

in the vicinity, including the natural steps and the Kent House, - now a hotel,—once the residence of the Duke of Kent. The falls may be reached by a delightful carriage drive from Quebec, and by the electric railway, which now extends to Ste. Anne.

Ste. Anne de Beaupre would be a village of no importance if it were not for its relation to the shrine.

The church is in charge of the Redemptorist Fathers. It is a large and handsome edifice, and the front is surmounted by a colossal statue of Ste. Anne, richly gilded. The interior of the church has much that is beautiful to the eye, in the main building itself and in the fourteen side chapels. Everything is of the best material and workmanship, as may be judged from the fact that the high altar and baldachin, both of elaborately carved white marble, are valued at about $12,000. Behind this is a painting by the famous Le Brun, donated by the Marquis de Tracey, viceroy of Canada, as far back as 1666. In the treasury are gifts in solid gold and silver, many of them of great value, and here is the costly vestment given by Queen Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV. of France, and worked by her own hands. This royal gift was sent as long ago as 1667, but time and use have not yet marred its beauty. There are many things to be seen, indeed, but it is within the church proper that the interest must centre. Here are the relics of Ste. Anne, of which the church has four,

Grand Battery

portions of bone from her body, and each day a relic is exposed for veneration. In the main aisle is a pillar upon which is a crowned statue of Ste. Anne with the Blessed Virgin in her arms, and on feast day the crowns they wear are of solid gold. In the railed enclosure around this pillar are some of the canes and crutches left by those who have gone away healed. These memorials are but few, however, compared with the great collection of them to be seen in the form of high pyramids near the entrance doors and on the stairway leading to the choir. These are crutches, canes, shoes with all kinds of thick soles, shoes with supporting irons, surgical appliances, harnesses for short legs and crooked legs, bottles half filled with discarded medicines, bandages, pads. All ranks of life are represented. There are the rough, home-made sticks of the very poor and the finely finished work of the scientific instrument maker. There are hundreds of them, and yet the pyramids are a recent accumulation of a recent period, for if all had been preserved that have been deposited since pilgrims began to come, another building would be required to contain them. Hung upon the wall in another part of the church is seen a frame in which are arranged scores of spectacles, left by those whose sight has been restored. Of touching interest are several other frames containing a curious assortment of all kinds of jewellery and trinkets. In one of the frames is a revolver, the

Looking down the River

offering, doubtless, of some youth who valued it above all his possessions. It was the best material gift he could make in token of his gratitude to La Bonne Ste. Anne. The offerings thus made are of every class. The solid gold and silver in the treasury have already been referred to, and there are besides costly watches, some richly adorned with jewels, down to the humble habitant's offering of his cheap ring or even his favorite tobacco pipe.

In the vicinity of the church are a number of objects of interest. There is the fountain, to the waters of which marvellous virtues are ascribed, and there is the grotto by the roadside. In the old chapel are many things which were in the church of 1666, on this site, and there are curious paintings, each of which has its history. The Scala Santa, on another part of the hill, is a copy of the stairs on which the Saviour walked on the way to and from judgment. These stairs are intended to be ascended kneeling, with a prayer at each of the twenty-eight steps, and strangers who wish to reach the upper floor will find ordinary stairways by going around to the rear on the first floor. Then there is the convent of the Franciscan nuns, where meals may be had, and to many visitors a very curious place is the burial ground with its peculiar monuments. On the hill above this is the Calvary with the open air Stations of the Cross, each cross having in it a piece of stone from the Holy Land. In the immediate vicinity of the church are numerous hotels and

The Kent House

boarding houses. There are many days in the year when these are crowded to excess by the vast tide of humanity, while hundreds get their meals at the convent or beneath sheds in the open air.

The name and fame of this little village and its wonders have gone abroad over the face of the earth. It is known on both sides of the ocean. It is the objective point of pilgrims from all quarters of the globe. As many as 200,000 have visited it in the course of a year, numbering people of all ages and of all ranks of life. The whole parish of Ste. Anne has a resident population of considerably less than 2,000, but there are days in summer when from 5,000 to 7,000 strangers visit the shrine and crowd the roads. There are pilgrims by the hundreds even in the dreary months of winter, for no season is too severe for the sufferer who hopes that his faith may be rewarded by the cure of his bodily ills.

To the matter-of-fact man of the world to-day, the existence of the Shrine of Ste. Anne and its miracles may appear an anachronism in the twentieth century. The age of miracles is past, says the doubter; in reply, Ste. Anne de Beaupre points to its thousands of crutches and other tokens of the lame, the halt and even the blind, who have come to the shrine and have walked away cured. Whatever be the creed of the visitor, however he may strive to account for what takes place, the substantial evidence that it does take place is before him. He may even chance to see one who has

been known for years as a cripple rise up and walk in the presence of thousands, and he may collect the testimony of eye witnesses in other cases. The marvels which are chronicled are not of to-day alone, but date back for more than two hundred years. In all America there is no place that in any way resembles Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

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